Vol. CXLV. No. 1890.

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THE BYSTANDER March 6, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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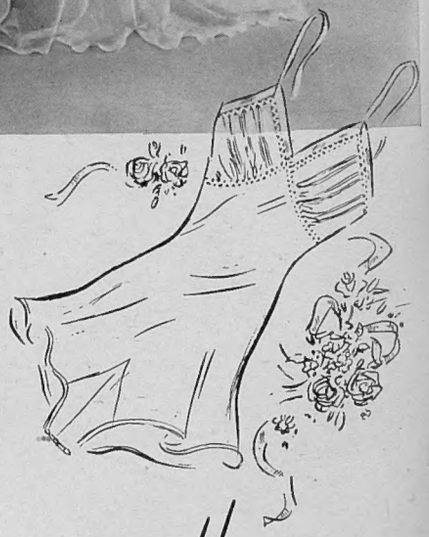

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The Bystander

Angus McBean

Leueen MacGrath—Cronin Heroine

A. J. Cronin's first play had its premiere in Glasgow on Monday night and is on its way, via a short tour, to London. Like his novel, *The Citadel* (made into a film in America and shown last year), *Jupiter Laughs* is set in the medical world, and two of the chief characters are doctors. One is played by Leueen MacGrath, the other by James Mason as a doctor in charge of a fashionable clinic for nervous complaints. Leslie Banks was to take this part but is too busy with films. Catherine Lacey, Austin Trevor and J. H. Roberts are in the cast too, and Claude Gurney produced. Another Cronin novel, *The Stars Look Down*, provided material for a fine British-made film which was shown in London a month or so ago

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. CHURCHILL'S speech was one more link in the great chain which he is making for himself as the orator and inspirer of victory. Week by week his position in the hearts of the Empire is becoming more and more assured. And once again, with smug satisfaction and no shred of modesty, the BYSTANDER hastens to add that for years it advocated the inclusion of Mr. Churchill in the Government.

WHATEVER the rights and wrongs of the Means Test in the Government's new Pensions Bill, one thing is certain. Colonel Burton, M.P. for Sudbury, hit the nail a resounding blow on the head when he appealed for those Old Age pensioners and widows who live in villages. "I live in a village," he said. "Do not let these people have to go before a committee of people who live in their village. The position is bad enough for those who live in a big city. Do not ask these people to discuss their private affairs before their neighbours." Anyone who has lived in a village will applaud the gallant Colonel's appeal. Nothing would be so disruptive of village life as to have public discussions of the financial position of the villagers. Think how the pubs and Rural Institutes and Mothers' Meetings would ring with gossip and malice.

THE French have weighed in with the admirable suggestion that Mr. Sumner Welles might include Prague in his itinerary, and also Warsaw and Vienna. This would give him a clear view not only of conditions in Central Europe, but also of the sort of people whom he is meeting in his tour (and also, incidentally, the sort of people whom we are up against). If Mr. Welles thinks that Europe is just one continent, like North America, with people who think more or less along the same lines, then he might as well pack up.

IT was another Mr. Welles who was in the news some time ago, when the poor citizens of New Jersey fled in panic at the approach of the Martians. On that occasion it was Mr. Orson Welles broadcasting his now celebrated version of the *War of the Worlds* by yet another Mr. Wells. Young Mr. Orson—he is twenty-four—produced a few months back an all-black version of *Macbeth*. Birnam Wood became a jungle of palms and bananas, and the three witches became sixty witch-doctors. A famous American magazine, describing this production, uses the odd phrase, "Welles is always a prey to an exacting artistic conscience." It also mentions, rather naïvely, that "one faction in Harlem thought the whole idea was not only a degradation of Shakespeare, but a setback to the cultural progress of the Negro in America."

● Keep his hands and feet warm by knitting, yes, and his cigarette-case full, but what about the boredom of a deadlocked war? There is no better antidote, we believe, than the "Bystander." And to all Servicemen in France or at sea this paper can be sent at the reduced rate of 10s. for three months, 19s. 6d. for six months. Send us your remittance and his name, rank, and regiment, and he will bless you weekly

THE censoring of Mr. Hore-Belisha's article has been quietly glossed over by the Government. The point at issue, you will remember, was whether he was censored for giving away facts which might help the enemy, or whether he was putting forward opinions which the Government did not like. But the matter, I understand, is likely to be raised again by Mr. Geoffrey Mander, the indefatigable Liberal defender of the rights of the citizen.

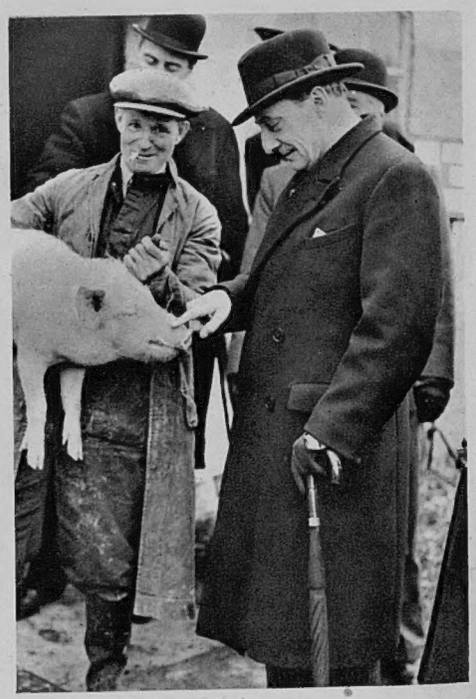
MY paragraph the other day on the subject of the replacement of Territorial officers by Regular officers has brought me some nasty remarks. Indeed, one friend of mine, a Field Officer "of credit and renown"—like John Gilpin—went so far as to send me a post-card saying, "I hope you will not refer to this matter again in future." There is only one answer, and that is that I will refer to it just as often as I please.

I AM informed by a man who knows the subject from end to end, that last year's potato-crop was so abundant

(Concluded on page 284)

***Lord Tweedsmuir** was chief mourner at the Westminster Abbey memorial service for his father, the first Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada; and his homage was joined by that of almost every member of the Government from the Prime Minister down. John Norman Stuart Buchan was in the Hudson Bay Company's service, is now a lieutenant with the Canadian Forces in England. He was at B.N.C., Oxford, like his father*

***Lord Derby** had his say at the official welcome to the first contingent of the Royal Canadian Air Force ever to leave that Dominion. They arrived in England the week-end before last, were greeted by Captain H. H. Balfour, Under-Secretary for Air: "Canada, whose pilots in the last war are still remembered, will play a great part in achieving mastery of the air," he said*



***Mr. Burgin,** Minister of Supply, petted a pig for the photographer when he and a big party of M.P.s visited the Tottenham Corporation refuse disposal and salvage works. Tottenham has led the way in collecting and salvaging waste for a long time. The pig belongs to the cleansing department's herd of forty: the herd is fed on kitchen waste, of which many tons are also sold to pig-keepers in the Home Counties*

***Colonels** with spotted ties were Colonel V. Kaledin, whose book, "Moscow-Berlin Secret Services," is being published next month, and Lieut.-Colonel Norman Thwaites, London representative of the Bahamas Government. The latter served in the Boer War and the Great War, edits "Air," is hon. sec. of the English-Speaking Union, was on the New York "World" for ten years before the war*

***Sir Paul Dukes** (right), here with Finnish Minister M. Georg Gripenberg and journalist Charles Graves, was one of the chief guests. His speech was "An Intelligence Officer's View of Russia and Finland." He had only just arrived back from Finland, was out there by invitation of Field-Marshal Mannerheim to investigate possibilities of British aid. He has described his secret service experiences in Russia, 1918-20, in three books, of which "Red Dusk and the Morrow" was the most widely read*

Spies . . .

"Secret Service" was the theme of last week's Foyle's Literary Luncheon

Famous spies and secret agents and the creators of their famous counterparts in fiction were the plums at Christina Foyle's Literary Luncheon last week at the May Fair, at which nearly a thousand people were present. A missing celebrity was master-spy "Pfumpf," associate and menace of Tommy Handley; his telegram of regrets was signed "That Demmed elusive Pfumpfenelle." The next lunch in Miss Foyle's monthly series is to be focussed on gardening

***Major Yeats-Brown** listened intently to the speeches. The screen version of his "Bengal Lancer" has given its name to a whole school of films. Last year he published "European Jungle"*

***Lady Ravensdale** took Robert Montgomery as her guest. Besides acting Lord Peter Wimsey in the film of "Busman's Holiday," he is also going to play in one of the two Pastor Niemoeller pictures to be made over here*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

***Writers** R. J. Minney and Elinor Glyn sat together, Miss Glyn making a reproving "Tittle-Tattle lost the battle" gesture. Mr. Minney is best known for his book and play on Clive of India, is managing editor of the "Sunday Referee"*

***Captain von Rintelen** told stories to Lady Selby, denied in his speech that blonde beauties make the best spies. In the last war he was a German secret agent in America, now he is a naturalised British subject*

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 282)

that there will be a surplus of several hundred thousand tons which will be unconsumed this year. Nevertheless, the Government is shipping many cargoes of potatoes to this country from the Canary Islands and from Cyprus. At this moment in Covent Garden it is possible to buy a dozen different varieties of foreign potato. Surely if the Government want to please General Franco and to please the Cypriots, it would be better to send them the money as a present, and economise on tonnage and help the British farmer and potato-merchant.

THE task of getting accurate information into the heads of the populace is not always easy, and there might even be moments when it would be possible to sympathise a little with the pundits at the Ministry. I heard the other day of a lady discussing the Altmark gleefully with her equally gleeful housekeeper. Suddenly the housekeeper said: "The only thing I don't understand is why Hitler should have christened one of his boats 'Hell Ship.'"

SIR HUBERT MURRAY, the Governor of Papua, is dead. He had all the humanity and high idealism of his famous brother, Dr. Gilbert Murray, and he had the almost unique chance of translating those qualities into action. For many years he governed the fierce and one-time murderous tribes of Papua on humanitarian lines with enormous success. When he first became Governor, the rate of murdering was prodigious. Sir Hubert spent many months before he captured his first murderers, and then, instead of hanging them, he made them walk behind him wherever he went. He was a great walker, and after a while the footsore assassins came to him with tears in their eyes and begged to be hanged. Pedestrianism was more than they could bear. Sir Hubert made them policemen instead, and by steadily pursuing this kind of policy, he practically eliminated murder from his territory. When the time came for him to retire a couple of years ago, he was universally implored by the natives to stay on, which he did.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT did not, after all, withdraw his name from the Illinois Primary Ballot last month. It is thought that this is an indication that he will allow himself to be nominated for a third term when the Democratic Convention meets on July 15th. But this does not necessarily mean he will run for President. If he gets the Democratic Nomination, and does not want it himself, he will have a much better chance of passing it on to another candidate of his own choice than if he had stood aloof from the whole business. The Republicans, whose Convention is in June, seem to be no nearer solving their two difficulties, the choice of a leader and the drawing-up of a policy.

ONCE again that famous old question has cropped up which never, never gets an answer. "How is it that you and I are dunned for our income tax if we owe seven shillings twenty-four hours after the final demand has expired, while people can die leaving arrears of income tax amounting to tens of thousands of pounds?" The latest case was the business-man of St. James's Square who died the other day leaving an enormous deficit in his accounts. Part of the deficit was due to a colossal arrears of income tax. But, as I said, there is never any answer to the question: "Why was he allowed to owe so much?"

THE British Board of Film Censors have refused to allow Mr. Walter Greenwood to show the film of his *Love on the Dole* without a lot of cuts. The book has been recommended on the official list of books for the Army. The King and Queen went to see the play (as also did about three million other people). Hundreds of sermons have been preached about it. But it is not good enough for the Film Censors. Perhaps it would rouse the indignation of the masses if they were told that some people in the country were so poor that they had to get a dole. Or do you think that the masses in the country have heard about the dole already? The Lord preserve me from all fools.

MISS PAT KIRKWOOD has returned to *Black Velvet*, and has brought a new song with her. She certainly is a remarkable young woman. Her dash and vitality and "attack" are irresistible, and I think Mr. George Black has got the makings of a real star in her. The rest of *Black Velvet* is the same as ever—brilliant costumes, scenery and dancing, and a team of players led by the one and only Vic Oliver. It did an old veteran's heart good to see the girls come tripping down the Joy Plank at the Hippodrome once more, and several times I distinctly saw the ghosts of Shirley Kellog and Daphne Pollard smiling approvingly.

MY colleague, Mr. George Campbell, wrote last week in his "Film Notes": "I only know that *Ninotchka* proves that Garbo is still queen of the movies, and Lubitsch the prince of directors." And, by thunder, he is right. *Ninotchka* is the best film I ever saw, and Garbo's acting in it is terrific.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE has entered a team for the seven-a-side Public Schools Tournament at Richmond at Rugby football. The interesting part of this apparently trivial announcement is that Winchester plays Soccer and not Rugger. Curiously enough, however, one of the greatest of all Rugby full-backs—H. B. Trustram—and the greatest of all inter-war wing three-quarters—Ian Smith—were both old Wykehamists, and only took up Rugger after they left school.

IT is always sad when a large and expensive show in the West End meets with disaster. *Fig Leaves*, the revue at the Adelphi, came off after a run of only eight days. But surely one of the reasons given for its failure is a record in the annals of the theatre. The chorus-girls are said to have complained about the scantiness of their dresses.

***Clark Gable** and his wife, Carole Lombard, got "lost" off the beaten track in Lower California, spent weeks in the wilds shooting duck! When they got back, she in fur jacket and black bags, he with the bag, they were asked if they were back for film work. "Heck, no!" said Gable. "We're going right back. That's the life—down there"*

***Mickey Rooney**, at nineteen, has walked with gusto into the position of king of the films (he is U.S.'s most popular male actor). He clowned to a personal triumph at President Roosevelt's birthday ball, January 30th, and here grabs "an armful of millionaires," Edsel and Henry Ford, while staying with them at Detroit. He plays Tom Edison, close friend of Ford's, in his next film*

A CORRECTION.

On this page last week we published a picture of three dancers of Colonel de Basil's company in Australia. One of them was Mme. de Basil; after her name in brackets was put Tamara Tchinarova. This was incorrect. Mme. de Basil's stage name is Olga Morosova, and she is a sister of Nina Verchinina, who was also in the picture. We much regret this mistake.

Anthony

Lady Rose Paget Is Engaged

A week ago Lady Rose Paget announced her engagement to the Hon. Francis McLaren, and they are to be married shortly. He is the second son of Lord and Lady Aberconway, of Bodnant, Tal-y-cafn, Denbighshire, is twenty-one this year. She is the fourth of the five daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey, and the second of them to get married. (Her second sister is Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal.) Lady Rose Paget, who also is twenty-one this year, trained as a ballet dancer at the Ballet Club and Sadler's Wells, and danced for a season with the Wells company

Social Register

TWO ENGAGEMENTS

Miss van Raalte and Capt. Alaric Russell

Captain Alaric Russell, Queen's Westminsters, and Charmian van Raalte, younger daughter of Noel van Raalte, of Bursledon, Hants., announced their engagement last month. He is the second son of the Hon. Sir Odo and Lady Russell, and cousin of Lord Ampthill. His father was formerly Minister to the Netherlands

Mr. Baron Black and Miss Jean Innes-Ker

Another February engagement was that of Reginald Baron Black, son of the late J. B. Black, and of Mrs. Black, and Jean Innes-Ker, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, and Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, of 1, Oxford Square, W.2, and cousin of the Duke of Roxburghe

Hunting : Lord and Lady North, Mrs. Hodgson

Major Lord North and his wife were talking to Mrs. A. T. Hodgson, who was collecting for the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Fund at the Crawley and Horsham meet at Knepp Castle. Lord North is the Earl of Guilford's heir, and is in the R.A. (T.A.). Lady North is Sir Merrik Burrell's daughter, and sister of the host of the day, Major Walter Burrell

FOUR WEDDINGS

Mr. d'Avigdor-Goldsmid and Mrs. Rosemary Horlick

Henry Joseph d'Avigdor-Goldsmid is the elder son of Sir Osmond d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Bt., and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, of Somerhill, Tonbridge, Kent. Mrs. Rosemary Horlick is the eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Charles Nicholl, of 52, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, divorced her first husband, now Sir Peter Horlick, Bt., in 1934. They were married at Kensington Register Office

Capt. J. A. Dene and Miss Mary Anson

Captain John Anthony Dene, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, son of Colonel A. P. Dene, of the Priory, Badingham, Suffolk, and Mary Anson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Anson, of Dogmersfield Park, Basingstoke, Hants., were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Swaebe

Family Party : Mr. and Lady Gloria Fisher and Daughter

Amanda Gloria Morvyth Vaughan Fisher had her first photograph taken recently with her parents and their dog at their London home in Eaton Place. She was born last October. Nigel Fisher is the son of the late Com. Sir Thomas Fisher, and Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare, wife of the Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty. Lady Gloria Fisher is the eldest of the three daughters of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne

Meeting : the Countess of Oxford and Countess Baldwin

An interesting encounter photographed outside Westminster Abbey was that of Lady Oxford and Asquith and Lady Baldwin, who met and talked after the memorial service for Lord Tweedsmuir. These two consorts of former Prime Ministers are both public figures in their own rights

Mr. Robert Morley and Miss Joan Buckmaster

Actor Robert Morley and Joan North Buckmaster, only daughter of Capt. Herbert Buckmaster, of Strathroy, Frinton, Essex, and Mrs. Philip Merivale (Gladys Cooper), of Santa Monica, California, were married at Caxton Hall Register Office. Robert Morley is the only son of Major R. W. Morley, and Mrs. G. E. Morley, of 25, Burton Court, S.W.3

Tunbridge

Major Mackeson and Miss Alethea Talbot

The Duchess of Gloucester was a guest at the St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, wedding of Major Harry Ripley Mackeson, Royal Scots Greys, and Alethea Cecil Talbot. The bridegroom is the elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. Mackeson, of Littlebourne House, Kent. The bride is the daughter of the late Com. R. G. Talbot, R.N., and the late Mrs. Talbot, of Maxpoffle, St. Boswells, Roxburghshire

Star at Sixteen: Linda Darnell

Hollywood, like Goethe, finds that the eternally feminine draws us ever on. The latest efforts in the film capital's continuing quest for womanly perfection have landed Linda Darnell into stardom, and she replaces Ann Sheridan and Mary Martin (fellow Texans) for the moment as the most topical screen personality. Two years ago Linda Darnell was a new girl at school in Dallas (Tex.), was then called Monetta. A talent scout arrived, Mrs. Darnell pressed her daughter forward, and she was lifted in a trice from High School to Twentieth Century-Fox's studio school. Like the House of Lords, Hollywood changes its recruits' names on principle, and Monetta was called Linda. Her first film, *Hotel for Women*, was at the Regal last week; in his review of it on page 301 our critic calls Miss Darnell "a soft, likeable little beauty with huge dark eyes, the full face that cameramen adore because it has practically no angles, and a by no means amateurish gift of putting over dialogue. They say she is sixteen. If so, she has certainly not wasted the years"

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The Light of Heart" (Apollo)

ONCE upon a time there was an actor who had not acted for eight years because he had taken to the drink. He lived at the top of a house in Long Acre with his daughter Cattrin, who had worn a surgical boot ever since she could remember and who, being lame, was sweet and plucky and self-sacrificing and indispensable, because blessed are the lame, especially in fiction, whether by Charles Dickens or Emlyn Williams. Cattrin thought that she had been born lame and that she must therefore put marriage and children out of her head, even though a young composer, who came to live in the same house, fell in love with her and explained to her that, while she was unquestionably sweet and plucky and self-sacrificing and indispensable, she was, above and better than all other qualities, "fun." He then set to work making inquiries and discovered that she had not been born lame but had been dropped by her father when one year old, so it would be all right about having children after all—provided, of course, she didn't drop them in their turn.

MEANWHILE, thanks to Cattrin's unswerving encouragement, the actor had managed to give up the drink and return to the stage in a small part, in which he gave such an admirable performance that Charles B. Cochran decided to present him as King Lear at Drury Lane in a John Gielgud production. (Why no mention of Motley or Roger Furze? Mean, I call it.) The part was, of course, a long one, even for a lifelong abstainer, but at the dress rehearsal it was clear that London was going to see acting such as it had never imagined since Giles Playfair wrote his life of Edmund Kean. And then, on the very afternoon of the first night, the actor discovered that his indispensable daughter had secretly arranged to marry the composer (who had done the music for *Lear*) and to go away with him in a day or two to New York, where he had been offered his big chance. This immediately made it impossible for the actor to remember a line of his part. Whisky came into its own again. And poor Mr. Cochran (who, however, was fortunately insured), abandoned the show, forgetting that John Gielgud knew Lear backwards and would probably be even better in it than Mr. Tearle.

CATTRIN'S decision to remain with her father who needed her most; the omission of the composer to suggest a simple solution of the problem by staying in London, where he seemed to be getting on quite well; the suicide of the father—these conclude a romance in which Mr. Emlyn Williams dwells lovingly and for embarrassingly long stretches on the glamour of the footlights, introduces some entertaining comedy-sketches, and, touching beautifully on Wales here and there, demonstrates that he should stick to that country, as Sean O'Casey should stick to Ireland. Angela Baddeley is as good as gold in the part of Cattrin, Godfrey Tearle is as sound as oak in the part of the actor, Anthony Ireland makes a sincere lover. Elliot Mason, Gladys Henson and Megs Jenkins provide three capital streaks of comic relief. Like Cattrin, this play is best when it is "fun." But unlike Cattrin, it was, I think, under the burden of its showy story and theatrical sentiment, born lame.

Sketches by Rouson

Advisers, amorous and artistic: Megs Jenkins, Elliot Mason

Proposal comes as a shock: Angela Baddeley, Anthony Ireland

Actor—out, but not down: Godfrey Tearle

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"RUSSIA is brimful of life," remarked Great Britain's leading comic journal, the *Daily Worker*, the morning after Stalin was reported to be meditating a fresh and bloody purge in high Soviet circles. A growing number of chaps want the Muscovite joke-sheet and our Red boys generally suppressed as a public danger, but we doubt if such a step would be worthy of British Democracy, which is so cosy and kind. Similarly, although a judge recently declared their activities to be treasonable, we don't think it would be very decent to tackle the Peace Pledge Union boys, who are doing their damndest to obstruct the Government's war efforts, and the same goes for the thousands of "conscientious" objectors who wouldn't hurt a flower nor defend their women from rape and murder, the Mosley boys, who want to stop everybody from fighting Hitler, and those 700,000-odd German and other technically enemy nationals who trip to and fro among us, free as air and vouched for personally by people of the highest social position. Far and few, as the poet Lear remarked in a burst of national pride, are the lands where the Jumblies live. Kind hearts are more than coronets, as Tennyson said to the Gaiety girl. Our task, as Robert Louis Stevenson said to the ratcatcher, is a Task of Happiness.

Meanwhile French Democracy goes on rounding up and jugging its Reds, heaving its conscientious objectors—infinitesimal in numbers as compared with ours, the French having no consciences to speak of—into the can or into ambulance units, mobilising every citizen between 5 and 95, and behaving generally with odious vivacity. Well did a chap in the Guards who has just returned from France on leave quote to us last week, with tears in his eyes, those fine lines of an eighteenth-century minor British poet and traveller:

O what can Music's voice bestow,
Or sculptur'd grace, or Titian glow,
To recompense the feeling mind
For British Virtue left behind?

Welcome

OUR dumb chums have been taking up their rightful share of Auntie *Times's* space again recently, we 're glad to observe. Several citizens were highly indignant because Lord Lymington is not keen on putting out food for the birdies who destroy our crops, and wants to shoot them. There is also a clever doggie, a spaniel called Roy, who is so intelligent that (his proud owner declares) he prefers lying on the *Times* to any other paper and spurns lesser sheets with his hind-legs; a rather two-edged compliment, we should say, personally, though Auntie swallowed it hook, line and sinker. And as for us, we hailed this return to form with such an impulsive whoop that we choked on our orange-juice and aspirin. No other of the world's leading organs of opinion, such as *Le Temps* or *Il Corriere*, or even the New York *Times*, cares a hoot about birdies and bow-wows and their clever and amusing tricks as recorded by elderly clergymen and spinsters and other citizens with an eye for Nature and plenty of time on their hands. Readers of important foreign papers seem preoccupied with dry topics, politics and literature and whatnot. The only birdies we 've ever seen mentioned in the *Temps* are the geese who saved the Capitol, and even then it was merely a passing reference in a political discussion. Moreover, no foreign popular or big-circulation paper employs a Zoo Correspondent, as all our native ones do, to keep the populace in touch day by day with what the warthogs and apes and cassowaries are thinking and doing. The result is that the average Continental is deplorably frivolous and even *Temps* readers can talk about nothing but Europe or the *Weltgewissen*, or Baudelaire in his middle productive period, or the present world-renaissance of Thomism, or something else nobody sensible cares about. We 've heard them. Interrupt their chatter with a major point from the *Times* correspondence about a chiffchaff which has been seen by an archdeacon to balance a straw on its noggin and they stare as if you had dropped from the Moon.

"That poison gas I was working on, Metcalfe; it 's turned out to be a love-potion"

It 's a solemn thought that at this very moment, mayhap, in a hundred quiet British rectories, gentlewomanly Tudor cottages, mellow, ivyclad retired Georgian manors, and oak-panelled country-house libraries dim with age, a hundred eager pens are breathlessly transferring to paper, for Auntie's information, accounts of the exciting goings-on of tiny chums both furred and feathered, biped and quadruped. Probably only 1 per cent. of these missives gets into print, so we may have underestimated the total. But even then——!

"Excuse me, madam—I am a mass-observer and it may interest you to know that you are the 25th person to use that particular expression when tripping over that sandbag"

Enigma

A NEW version of the Indian Rope Trick is reported from Bharatpur, where a juggler has been thrashed by his audience because when his boy tried to climb the rope it gave way and he fell on his ear instead of vanishing into thin air. One of those majors (every club has one at least) who know a

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yus, mate, it's not goin' to be easy. It's bound to be a long, hard fight, but mark my words, in the end, Tommy Farr will beat 'im"

Standing By . . .

(Continued from page 290)

chap-who 's-seen-the-trick-done — damn it — right-in-front-of-his-bally-eyes — chap-called-Jenkinson tells us that the audience was probably not *en rapport*, the whole thing being done by Rujapuja, a derivative of Jhabmátaharáta, if we've got the names right. This man Jenkinson who has actually seen the Rope Trick done is also Rujapuja of a kind, in our estimation, big medicine and strong magic: for having told the nearest major in the Byculla Club all about it he vanishes from mortal ken and is never seen again apparently. He may even be one of the Sidhe, borne on the wind with the People of the Faëry Hills from Knocknarea. His breast is heaving, his eyes are agleam, his arms are waving, his lips are apart, and if any gaze on that rushing band they come between him and the deed of his hand, they come between him and the hope of his heart.

Majors of a certain type, rather liverish and scrawny, with glazed innocent blue eyes, are natural suckers for this kind of visitant, and in our experience Sapper majors are the easiest of all. This may be because Sappers, being fond of delving and digging, come more in contact with the Little People. We once met a Sapper who was spoken to by one of the Angels of Mons (1914). The angel came up to him at St. Amand-de-Wavre as he was fussing over some field-telephone cables and said: "Is there a chap in your mess called Barker?" and the Sapper said "Yes," and the angel said "Shortish? Black moustache? Bit of a bounder?" and the Sapper said "Yes," and the angel said: "I fagged for the swine at Harrow," and disappeared. This shows what angels think of Sappers, since it is well known that no Old Harrovian has ever become an angel, in all the history of that ancient foundation.

Posy

THAT little poem which the Emperor of Japan has submitted, in accordance with tradition, in the annual National Poetry Contest:

At the beginning of the New Year we pray that East and West will live together and prosper

—probably looks better in Japanese script, like a pile of broken fairy bird-cages; but even then, apart from its vague but impeccable moral, we find it a bit disappointing—the traditional reference to the Moon and the snow on Fujiyama is missing, for one thing, and it lacks the old familiar cherry-blossom drive and zing. However, Royal poets have always been rare enough to make their stuff perpetually interesting, and one or two have been well up to front-rank professional standard: James I. of Scotland, for example, whose charming "Spring Song of the Birds" is in the Oxford Book of English Verse, and Casimir I. of Poland, to whom the *Ave verum* is attributed, and Robert I. of France, who is credited with the *Veni sancte Spiritus*. If Henry VIII. really wrote that dainty little lyric about being true as the ivy to his lady-love, he wasn't very far beneath *Spectator* standards, as his critics probably agreed, and no doubt "Carmen Sylva," Queen of Rumania, collected few rejection-slips from the *Queen* or the *Gentlewoman*.

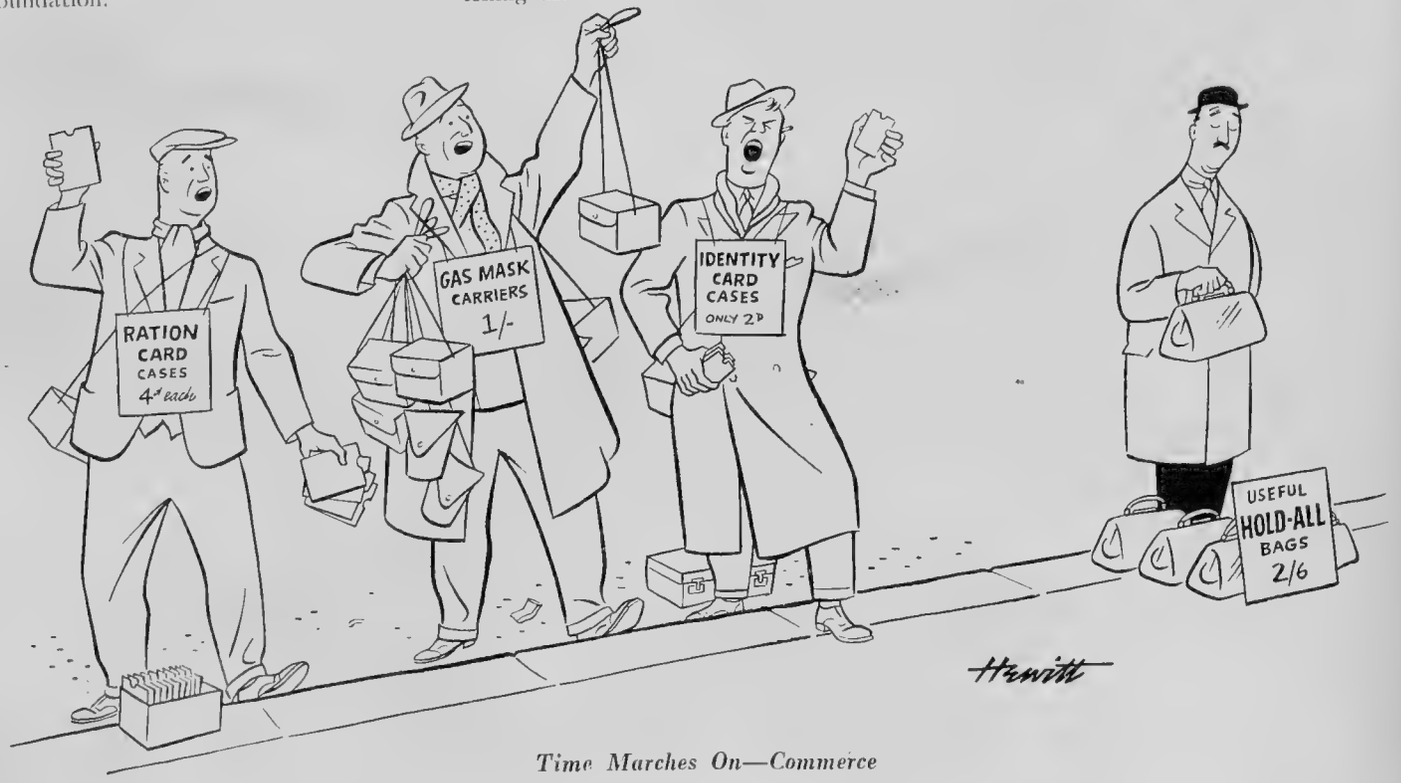
But, on the whole, Royalty in all ages has kept out of the poetry racket, and wisely, if it wishes to retain the love and respect of the sober-minded middle classes, who would kick a poet, even a bad poet, into the gutter at first sight, lock up their gold and their daughters, and call manfully for the police. It is this age-long hostility which leads sensible poets like Tennyson to wash carefully, write easy stuff like "Idylls of the King," make a lot of money, and put themselves under Royal protection; even then the bourgeoisie makes them pay for everything in cash, a chap was telling us.

Ordeal

"READING-LIGHTS," so called because it is possible to read almost anything by them, especially if it happens to be in Braille, are now installed in most Underground trains, but not, apparently, in certain suburban trains, which lack is leading to some mumblings, the point of which escapes us. After staring at each other's homely pans twice daily for years you'd think the citizens concerned would welcome a blacked-out train with cries of relief. We don't know if the Island Dial affects you as it does us? We recently found ourselves staring fascinated at a stout citizen who was also staring fascinated at us. A double refracted hypnosis took place, very interesting to Harley Street, and from St. James's Park neither of us could break the spell till the train pulled up finally in the uttermost wilds, somewhere beyond Ealing, where the stout citizen violently jerked himself alive and got out, muttering "Kittycat, kittycat, kittycat." No doubt this happens daily on the Underground. There may even be special officials to deal with it.

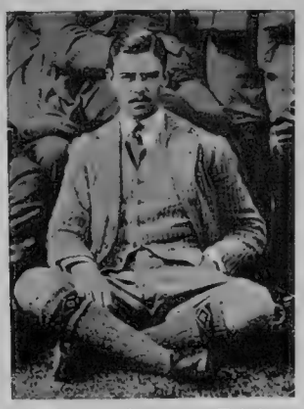
Round pink Nordic faces (male) affect us most, with innocent dazed blue eyes, typical of what Mr. Santayana has described as the world's most sweet and boyish conquerors. Under the spell of such a clock our whole Rough Island Story passes swiftly before us like a pageant, from Harald Hardrada to Barney Barnato. When double hypnosis occurs (frequently) we try afterwards to imagine what our own hideous pan meant to our fellow-patient. Possibly it appalled him with the wild dark horror of the Celt, the hag-haunted forests, Merlin in Broceliande, the battle-cry of Cuchullain, the death-song of Seithenin the Red, Morgan Le Fay at the Dark Mere of Locqmariaquer, all the terror and mystery of the Gael and the Cymry from Mananaun MacLir down to Malcolm, son of Ramsay. More likely (we feel) nothing whatsoever. Nothing at all. Absobally lutely nothing.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Time Marches On—Commerce

Mrs. Casey *was Maie Ryan before her 1926 marriage. Her father was an eminent surgeon, the late Sir Charles Ryan. The Caseys have a daughter of eleven called Jane, a son of eight called Donn*



Undergraduate *at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1911, Casey took an honours degree in Mechanical Science. He was born in Brisbane, at school in Melbourne*

Mr. Casey Goes to Washington

The Australian Minister to the U.S.A. took up his post last month

Hobbies *are flying and photography. Above, an invention of his own for shooting photographs while flying. On the right, an album of aviation pictures. Below, his own 'plane, a Percival Gull, named after his constituency, Corio. He handed it over to the Royal Australian Air Force before he left for America*

Richard Gardiner Casey *has now taken up the appointment which the Australian Premier described as the most important in the gift of Australia after that of Prime Minister. This country's first Minister in Washington is a good-looking, well-dressed man of forty-nine, who is not only an outstanding figure in Australian politics, but also a diplomat whose knowledge of international affairs and training in diplomacy he owes in the first place to seven years in England, when he was liaison officer between his Government and the Foreign Office from 1924 to 1931. He served in France and Gallipoli in the last war, won the D.S.O. and M.C., then went into the mining business in Australia until he came to England. He became Member for Corio in 1931, Assistant Federal Treasurer in 1933, Federal Treasurer (Chancellor of the Exchequer) in 1935, Minister of Development 1937, Minister of Supply and Development 1939*

"The Beggar's Opera" Comes to Town: and Opens the Haymarket, Last of London Theatres to Revive

"The Beggar's Opera" arrived in town last night and signalled one or two notable facts: the Haymarket, redecorated, completed the total of theatres to revive after their blacking-in last September; Glyndebourne Opera, who present the piece, came to London after London's constant visits to Glyndebourne; and a stage and film actor, Michael Redgrave, is discovered to have a singing voice. Production is by John Gielgud, decor by Motley, there is an excellent orchestra of fifteen, a strong cast of actor-singers, a new and augmented musical version by Frederick Austin, who conducts. This very bounty carries the piece that has never failed to a further success, but the orthodox rightly complain that there is too little Gay and too much Gielgud. In attempting to escape both the author and Sir Nigel Playfair, the producer has chosen to set the piece in 1820 with Cruickshank costumes and cover the Augustan satire with the trappings of romanticism. The drop scene for the prologue, above, tells the whole tale

***Mrs. Peachum,** the heroine's mother and the most farcical character in the opera, is played by Constance Willis*

***A desperate remedy:** that, we think, would be the title to the Cruickshank drawing that these players bring to mind. Lucy (Linda Gray) is trying to poison Polly*

***And a** fierce quarrels with*

"I will love you all the way": *Michael Redgrave, as the dashing Captain Macheath, poses the part rather than swaggers it; Audrey Mildmay is almost too sweet as lowly Polly Peachum*

Filch filches: *Roy Henderson gives a ripe interpretation of Peachum, Bruce Flegg is a consistently excellent Filch*

Lucy Lockit, *a bold part, is boldly played and sung by Linda Gray. Here, in the second gaol scene, she upbraids Macheath for deceiving her*

Photographs by Anthony

Macheath in gaol *(below) presents an alternative impersonation of Don Juan in hell, haunted by women he has loved in his debonair career as a highwayman [Michael Redgrave, Linda Gray, Audrey Mildmay]*

struggle: *Old man Peachum Lockit (Joseph Farrington) in gaol*

The Duke of Alba, his only child, Lady Cayetana Stuart, and their Highland terrier, Epaminondas—or Pam

WHEN the Spanish revolution was six months old, and moving to success, Franco was faced with the choice of his representatives abroad. For England, he had not to think twice; and the Duke of Alba became his agent, using a private house in Hans Place as his chancellery. When the last fires of Government resistance had been doused in Spain, it was only a question of moving the envoy from Hans Place to Belgrave Square as soon as British recognition of Franco-ist Spain was accorded (March, '39). The Duke of Alba and Berwick was the obvious choice for London because of blood (he is descended from James II. and Arabella Churchill), rank (he bears handfuls of titles—see captions), property qualification (he is a model landlord of considerable territories and palaces), and education (as Duke of Huescar he made many English friends at Beaumont College). His new Embassy is No. 24 in Belgrave Square—on the south-east side—and Embassy servants address the Ambassador not as "Your Excellency" but as "Your Grace." And the Duke, after the hard work of representing a warring country in a peaceful one, now has the hard work of representing a peaceful country in a warring one

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

The "Bystander" visits

The Spanish Embassy

***First Secretary** is Señor Don José F. Villaverde, second Secretary is Señor Don Manuel Viturro*

***Thirty-three titles** rest on the square shoulders of the sixty-one-year-old Ambassador, Don Jacobo Maria del Pilar Carlos Manuel Stuart Fitz-James-Falco, seventeenth Duke of Alba and tenth Duke of Berwick. The latter title, not recognised in England, merged with the former in the eighteenth century: among others are twelve marquisates, fifteen counties, one carrying the office of Constable of Navarre* →

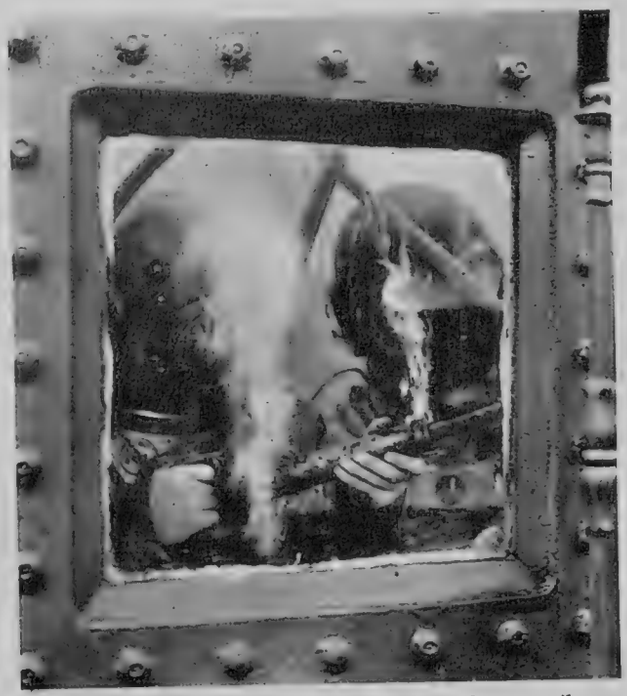
Hostess *at the Embassy, in title though not yet in fact, is Maria del Rosario Cayetana Marquesa de San Vicente del Barco—in England, Lady Tana Stuart. Her mother, from whom in Spanish fashion she takes title as well as name, died in 1934. She will be fourteen in three weeks*

In the library: *Spanish tapestry represents Apollo and the Muses, pictures on table include photograph of a painting of Alba's daughter by Zuloaga, and the Brackley-Percy wedding group at which she was bridesmaid*

From the central court, *the Embassy looks like this. Window-taping embellishes the façade*

In schoolroom, *the diver-recruits learn the theory that keeps them alive and breathing under fathoms of water. For your information,* $AS=(GP+15)\times 1$

The feet *are encased in lead-soled boots which fi over the trousers. The total weight of the diver's equip ment when he takes the plunge is over 180 pound*



Under-water plumbing *is demonstrated to pupils through a window into a tank. The instructors are mending a pipe, a job that cannot obviously benefit from a blowlamp, though under-water welding is feasible on big jobs*

Under-Water Workers

The Royal Navy Trains Its Divers

When you read, as you constantly do nowadays, that a mined or torpedoed ship has limped home to port for repairs, it means almost certainly more work for the Royal Navy's divers. The Board of Admiralty runs its own corps of under-water workers and trains them in a diving school. The men, hand-picked for their physique, get a course in the theory and practice of diving; and this falls naturally into two broad parts, learning how to be under water and learning what to do under water. When the recruit is passed out, a diver's helmet in gold braid on his arm, he is forwarded to a naval station or to a ship—every bigger warship carries its own diver. At the best, he may save a destroyer single-handed; at the least, he is essential to the upkeep of hulls, pierheads, dock stanchions

Like a new seaside toy, *a diver novitiate floats inflated on the surface. He has "burst out" through making the common mistake of keeping his inlet valve too open*

The modern *recruits go over tors. In the back-*

The head *goes into the diver's helmet and corselet, weight 44 pounds. Only the hands are entirely unprotected in the water*

Dressing for dinner, *such a battle with the laundry, is child's-play compared to getting into a diver's suit. The corselet has to be donned carefully, so that the creases of the inner collar can be cleared*

merman *is ready to take the plunge. Four together, for company's sake, watched by their instruc- ground is the ship carrying the vital pumping plant*

A good laugh *is recommended by old hands as the best way of clearing the head after an interview with Davy Jones; and doubtless the in- structor reserves a store of suitable anecdotes to promote his pupils' mirth*

Two Dancers and Two Pictures

Diana Gould joined the Arts Theatre Ballet when it was formed at the end of last year, and appeared as one of its premières danseuses during its London season in January. Now she has gone on tour with the company which is under Keith Lester's direction. She trained with Marie Rambert and has also studied with Egorova and Kchessinska in Paris, has danced for the Ballet Club, Karsavina, de Basil, was a member of the Markova-Dolin company. She comes of an Irish family which settled in France last century; her great-grandmother of the portrait was a friend of Napoleon III. and her father, the late Gerard Louis Eugene Gould, was named after him and the Empress Eugenie. The boy in the picture is her great-uncle, Gerard Gould, who became British Minister in Stuttgart. Diana Gould lives with her mother at their house in the Vale, Chelsea

Diana Gould and Her Great-Grandmother

Prudence Hyman is another of Marie Rambert's former pupils who is now with the Arts Theatre Ballet, one of the three companies whose headquarters are the Arts Theatre. (The Ballet Rambert and the London Ballet are the other two.) In Keith Lester's rather brave reproduction of the famous pas de quatre of 1845, she and Diana Gould appeared as Carlotta Grisi and Lucille Grahn, with Helene Wolska and Joan Kent as Marie Taglioni and Fanny Cerrito. Like Diana Gould, she too was in Colonel de Basil's company at one time, and was a member of the Markova-Dolin company. Before Christmas she rejoined the Ballet Rambert as première danseuse for part of their Duchess Theatre season. Thomas Dugdale, R.A., has painted her portrait in her Blue Bird costume

Prudence Hyman and Her Portrait and Artist Thomas Dugdale

Films of the Day

Women—in Prison and Hotel

By George Campbell

THE French, contrary to received ideas, are a serious, not to say gloomy, race. They delight in tales of innocence betrayed, of gross miscarriages of justice, of virtue triumphing late in the day, or not triumphing at all. Perhaps, on Wilde's theory that Nature follows Art, this accounted for l'Affaire Dreyfus. Anyway, the one about the man who goes to prison unjustly (or "for some murder or other that he thought little of at the time"), and is later blackmailed or hounded by some figure out of the past, has always been a favourite of French entertainers, from *Les Misérables* on.

This time it is called *Prison de Femmes*. Once again we see Cinderella kicked from the scullery to gaol. There she meets a genial trollop (Viviane Romance), the one friendly gleam in a place of darkness and drab uniforms, of harsh discipline and hard work. Her sentence served, the girl (Renée St. Cyr) goes to a woman recommended by the trollop—a genial Doll Tearsheet with a garish façade and an overwhelmingly motherly manner. Through her the girl finds a job, and meets and marries a millionaire. Then begins a little discreet blackmail; the prison trollop's boy friend (Georges Flamanat) wants to muscle-in; and the upshot is jealousy on the trollop's part and a shooting in the blackmailer's Montmartre bedroom that takes a deal of explaining to the nice girl's husband.

The French, like the Americans, never hesitate to show their judicial system in an odious light; but there they part company. Where Hollywood is sentimental and adolescent, the French are realistic and adult. *Prison de Femmes* is not a great film, but again and again you are jerked upright in your seat by a little bit of realism, of humanity, that touches the nerve of common experience. Other films may be fairy-tale: this, you tell yourself, is the real thing.

"THE ROARING TWENTIES" takes us back to the incredible Volstead era of bootlegging and fantastic riches and men dying to an obbligato of Tommy-guns. The hero is a soldier who comes back from France to find unemployment and boredom on one hand, and on the other the excitement and riches of bootlegging in the roaring days of Prohibition. So did a machine-gunner called Capone.

A familiar story is given realism by a new technique—the introduction of a commentary, rather in the *March of Time* manner, on America's post-war history. It is very well done. Raoul Walsh's direction, if it never achieves the urgency and emotional punch of *Angels with Dirty Faces*, is competent enough, and the acting could hardly be bettered. James Cagney, for all his engaging humour, achieves an effortless toughness and wins a certain amount of sympathy; Priscilla Lane is an endearing heroine; Gladys George plays a torch-singer with a hopeless passion for Cagney; and Humphrey Bogart, probably the most sinister figure on the screen, with his cold, reptilian stare and harshly monotonous voice, makes a most effective menace. A feature of the film is the background of topical music, including such memorable hits as "I'm Wild About Harry," sung by Miss Lane. I believe she used to be a singer before going on the screen. She is certainly no amateur.

"Prison de Femmes": *Viviane Romance (right) as a taxi-dancer is the chief character of the new French film at the Embassy (Tottenham Court Road), reviewed here. Margaret Deval plays a procuress through whom the heroine (Renée St. Cyr who acted with Tom Walls in "Strange Boarders") meets and marries a millionaire. Roger Richebé directed the film; the scenario by Francis Carco, French writer and criminologist, is based on an incident in his own life, and he appears in the film as himself*

"HOTEL FOR WOMEN" is one of those things that Hollywood turns out whenever ideas run short. It tells, in the *Grand Hotel* technique, if one might so describe anything so trivial, the story of half-a-dozen girls living in a New York hotel where men may not enter. This does not prevent their meeting plenty of men outside. "Dogs!" says the blonde wisecracker, played by Ann Sothern. "That's what they all are! Just dogs!"

One of the girls has come to New York to marry a rising architect, but finds him more inclined to dine out with his boss's pretty daughter. Another, a photographer's model, with the first faint wrinkles around her eyes, is suicidal at the reflection that in a year or two she will be an old, unemployed hag of twenty-five. A third, the wisecracker, has a pull with a stage manager and turns show-girl. A fourth sits in the lounge night after night, until she can bear it no longer and hires a gigolo to take her out.

It is the first girl the film is mainly concerned with, and she walks straight into trouble. When her former fiancé's boss makes a pass at her, she shows no shrinking reluctance, but on the contrary puts up as good an imitation of Red Riding Hood fascinating the Wolf as I can recall. Just when they have reached the liqueurs and personalities stage, in walks a fifth young woman from the hotel, with raging jealousy in her heart and a gun in her handbag, and stages a Franky-and-Johnny melodrama. The architect, it seems, was her man, and he did her wrong; and to give point to her disapproval she pumps lead into him. He lives, but only just; the nice girl marries the architect; and the blonde philosopher is left to sum up the causes of all the trouble: "Dogs—that's what they are—all dogs!"

The film introduces the new star, Linda Darnell, a soft, likeable little beauty with huge, dark eyes, the full face that cameramen adore because it has practically no angles, and a by no means amateurish gift of putting over dialogue. They say she is sixteen. If so, she has certainly not wasted the years.

Another member of the cast is Elsa Maxwell, the New York journalist, hostess and social landmark, who specialises in eccentric parties, like the one at the Waldorf-Astoria where she had hogs charging across the ballroom floor called by Ohio's champion hog-caller. After the Armistice she went to a Paris ball dressed as Lloyd George, and was mobbed by the crowd in the streets. She once criticised the British aristocracy for bad manners and made a list of the ten greatest gentlemen in the world, in which the only Englishman was Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. The last I heard of her, she was writing a life of the Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow. Anyway, if this was her story, I still think there must be a lot of fun in hog-calling.

"Bystander" Short Story

Point of View

By Charles Birkin

Illustration by Tony Weare

With a gesture of impatience Tony flung down the magazine which he had been trying to read. He could not imagine why Jean was being such a long time. She had left the house directly after lunch, and had told him that she would be back at half past four at the latest. She had taken the car, and there was no reason that he could think of to explain her dalliance. It was really most inconsiderate of her. She must know what he was suffering, and what added torture each moment that went by gave him.

He pulled out his watch for the twentieth time. It was nearly a quarter past five. He knew now that he should have gone himself. Anything would have been preferable to this waiting. He went over to the window to see if the Rolls had turned the corner yet, but was rewarded by the sight of a cruising taxi, a Nanny with her two small charges, and a vulgar sports car that dashed busily along.

It had been a grave decision as to which of them should go to the tiny theatre where their tests were to be shown. Although neither would admit it, they were both scared stiff, since it meant a good deal to their futures. They had argued that the dread moment could be better faced separately, and, after thorough discussion, it had been decided that Jean should be the one to undergo the ordeal, and that she could then break the news gently to him. She was, beyond question, made of sterner stuff.

The Barrys were about to storm the citadel of the Cinema, and much depended upon the results, for their position in the Theatre was unchallenged.

Tony fumbled for his cigarette-case, which, irritatingly, proved to be empty. Nor could he find any in the white shagreen box on his desk. He rang the bell.

"Whitworth," he said with infinite patience when the butler entered the room, "how many, many times have I asked you to see that there were always cigarettes in that box? Will you please be kind enough to fill it now?"

When the man had gone, Tony returned to his vigil at the window, and this time he was more fortunate. He saw Jean jump out of the car, and with a word to the chauffeur, hurry up the steps to the door, opening her bag for her key as she did so.

Tony returned to his chair and picked up the magazine, so that he should present a picture of complete unconcern to his wife upon her entry. In fact, he hardly looked up when, a moment later, she burst into the room.

"I'm sorry I'm late, darling," she greeted him, "but the rushes took longer than I thought, and then I asked to see them all a second time."

Tony looked at his watch in surprise. "Yes, you are rather late." He went across and took a cigarette from the box that the butler had just brought in. "And what are they like?" he asked casually.

Jean shed her silver foxes on to a sofa. He thought she appeared a trifle harassed. "Darling, you were wonderful," she began. "I could not have been more proud of you. You were even better than you are on the stage. Or, if not better, every bit as good. Every gesture, every *nuance*, every shade of meaning came across beautifully. And you photograph magnificently. There was perhaps something not quite right about the mouth, but I don't think that anybody except myself would have noticed it. You must go to-morrow and see for yourself."

She sat down beside him and played with her bracelet as she continued her report. It was a sentimental token that he had given her, of massive gold, and every link was engraved with a scene from the most successful plays in which they had appeared together during their long and highly satisfactory careers.

"That shot that they took of us when I come down the staircase, and you meet me and say, 'I'll remember this evening as long as I live. Let us treat it gently, like a precious piece of porcelain'—well, you were superb. They all said so. I nearly cried, it was so touching." She broke off and then said: "Give me a cigarette." When she had lit it she went on: "Carey insists on sticking out for more from World Wide. He says that after your test we can get almost any terms we want from the Stellar Company. In fact, he won't even hear of us signing anything until he gets back from Hollywood. He's flying there on Thursday with the rushes. Oh, Tony, think of the success you're going to have, and you deserve every bit of it. You are terrific." She stopped. "Of course, I stank," she added.

She glanced at her husband, who was listening intently to all that she had to tell him. "Yes," she reiterated, "I *stank*. I look old and haggard and jaded and wrinkled and hideous. Might be all right for character. But glamour! A charwoman has more than I've got. They were all very nice about it, but they couldn't fool me. I've got eyes in my head, haven't I?—but you'd never think so from the way they photographed me. I look just like a teeny-eyed wart-hog! Squintabella! My voice is terrible and I was strongly reminded of Snow White's stepmother after the draught had begun its deadly work. Tony, I can't believe that I really look like that. Wait till you see me. You'll want a divorce and you'll be perfectly justified. I'll most certainly give you one. I'd sue the cameraman if I could. I expect what will happen is that they'll jump at you on condition that you leave your wife behind."

Jean got up and crushed out the smoking stub into an ash-tray. "It's criminal what they've done to me. Well, one thing is very clear. We're finished as a team. I'll just be another dim wife of a world-famous actor and you'll give me small parts if we ever go on tour. I'll be a bore to have on any party. You'll stand that for a short time and then you'll leave me and marry Shirley Temple or somebody. I wish to God that the cinema had never been invented!"

She had by this time worked herself up into quite a state. Tony heaved himself out of his chair and went to join her by the fireplace. He was frowning a little, and his hand played nervously with his rather impressive-looking watch-chain. Although she was on the verge of tears, and exhausted by her tirade, she managed to smile up at him: "But you were wonderful," she said.

Tony's eyes were narrowed and he looked past her unseeingly. "H-m-m . . . a *little* something wrong about the mouth," he murmured.

THE END.

In the Front Line

This is a difficult time of the year for clothes. Spring may be in the air, but the air itself is still chilly and March has not yet reached its lamb-like stage. The "little dress," however, will solve most problems. Gay and fresh-looking, it can be worn now under a fur coat and by itself when the sun really breaks through. Derry and Toms, Kensington High Street, have the attractive model below in a matt-surfaced crêpe with two large poacher pockets patched on to the full skirt. It is made in various pastel shades, including gold and hyacinth blue, and only costs three guineas. At first sight it seems essentially a small woman's frock, but the long line of the bodice and broad shoulders are equally well adapted to a taller person

When you hear this jumper's name, "Braemar," you know all that is necessary about the softness and purity of its cashmere. This model shows the new line which Innes Henderson are following this spring, a high neck ribbed with some contrasting colour, fastening at the back with tiny buttons. There is a long-sleeved cardigan, too, to complete the twin set. Colours are brighter than ever this spring, so Braemar jumpers in glowing emerald, cherry and royal blue are to be found in shops all over the country

Add a touch of spring to a plain, high-necked dress with this amusing pine-cone necklace from Ships, 10, Lansdowne Row. The cones are mother-of-pearl, slung on a gilt chain, and would make an original Easter present

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Man-Hunting

By V. S. Pritchett

Two weeks ago I complained of the lack of good new novels with a religious subject. I was wrong. After Miss Helen Simpson's book came Mr. O'Neill's admirable *Philip*, and this week there is Mr. Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 3*d.*), a novel of intensely heated excitement and suspense about a flight from religious persecution in Mexico. The first things one always notes about Mr. Greene's work are its variety, its versatility and its surpassing skill. Like most novelists, he has only one subject, and it happens to be one of the best: it is behind all his books: the hunter and the hunted. Last year his hunted man was a spy, the year before he was a boy murderer. In the present book the man is a secret priest, a dissolute, dogged, guilty fellow, making his way through the Mexican swamp and forest from one Indian community to the next, to hear confessions and say Mass, and on whom the forces of a fanatical anti-religious officer are gradually closing. The exhaustion and boredom which one feels after the ordinary thriller are due to its lack of meaning; Mr. Greene's thrillers are satisfying because there is, on the contrary, a context. He is a Roman Catholic, and *The Power and the Glory* is not only extraordinary for its bitter, visual, revolted picture of tropical Mexico, but for its undismayed pictures of those depths of guilt and shame in which the curious blossom of religious faith is darkly rooted. The priest is a whisky priest, the kind of priest most vulnerable to anti-Catholic propaganda. Drink gets the better of him. He has a bastard child. His early ambitions were frankly worldly. A shopkeeper's son, he wanted to get out of the rut, make a little pile and move into the well-fed episcopal circles of the capital. His badness had one virtue; it was not Pharisaical. It was transparent. And when the suppression of the Church began, he was not the kind anyone helped. Where other priests ratted or escaped, he just went on with what he could recollect of his faith, out of habit and out of a hopeless and humiliated conviction of sin. This is excellent. For gradually Mr. Greene is able to show that the dirty little man, caught between his horror of being shot and the terror of eternal damnation, is unconsciously taking on the mind of the martyrs and the saints by a kind of negative heroism.

There is nothing more dramatic than the priest's discovery that the Indians hate him; not indeed for his religion, which, usually with superstition, they need; but because he is a pariah, a hunted criminal who will get them into trouble if they shelter him. Then there are three tremendous scenes: one where his Hitler-like pursuer has the priest in his hands, does not know it, and lets him go; the other when at last he meets his whining Judas who prepares to betray him on the road; finally, the scene where the priest walks, quite knowingly, into the final trap. Mr. Greene is not content with the ordinary dramatic situation, he always caps it with one more dramatic, and then again gives it twist after twist without ever losing human or psychological probability. One is always amazed at the precision of his imagination. He is, it is true, a morbid writer, one more familiar with pain, disgust, hatred, guilt and shame than with the happier human feelings. This trait had become irritating; it was becoming an obsession with the seedy and seamy, and not the necessary recognition of evil. But a new humanity is in this, the most mature of his books, the beginnings of a profounder understanding of love and a more balanced philosophy. It is an enormous advance on the book of travel which was a first fruit of his Mexican experiences. There is no better story-teller in English to-day, and he is one of the two or three living novelists who really count.

Reclining Nude

Is a drawing by Leonard Huskinson, who is now giving an exhibition at the Calmann Gallery, 42, St. James's Place. He designed some of the mural paintings for the British Pavilion in the New York World's Fair

Professor J. B. S. Haldane's world is, of course, the antithesis of Mr. Greene's. Where a Catholic like Mr. Greene hates the world, Professor Haldane, the agnostic, pugilistically enjoys it. History, progress, civilisation—what are they but the story of shocking facts which have become acceptable or forgotten because man, whatever his cruelty and suffering, does impose a will and order on his surroundings? *Keeping Cool* (Chatto and Windus; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a typical collection of Haldane essays—pugnacious, lucid, festively curious. Why is it important to know if there is likely to be another Ice Age; how is it we cannot prophesy weather; what are the laws governing the appearance of hæmophilia (which ruined the Royal succession in Spain); what sort of life could science give us by 1960; what will the future adventurers discover if, instead of exploring the stratosphere, they go down through sixty miles into the earth's crust? What happened on the Thetis? Such are his subjects. Mr. Greene would no doubt remark that Professor Haldane was tireless in his efforts to cure pain, but gave us nothing to reconcile us to enduring it. Professor Haldane replies that the Pope blessed the Barcelona bombers. The Professor's prejudices are, of course, the making of his book. It is not pure scientific uplift or trite scientific fatalism. A Marxist, he delivers a panegyric on the English two-party system to a Danish audience. He believes (as I do) that people should be segregated by law once they catch things like 'flu, colds or measles! And he has (what pretty well amounts to a prejudice in England) a great admiration for the Welsh!

William's engagement to Rose unpleasantly blurred his dream of the future "as a vista of women flitting passionately into his life and swiftly and painlessly out again"; but when Margaret, on a conducted tour in Brussels, flitted in, the result was painful. Indeed, Rose being (I 'm afraid) what Jonathan Wilde once called his wife, this tendency to flit on William's part broke up his marriage. Rose was one of those women who cling (but like blackberry bushes rather than honeysuckle) to those they love:

"Why did you say the other day that it was absurd to henpeck a man into suicide?"

"Just a joke."

"It was a cruel joke. I never henpeck you, do I?"

"Never."

"I believe you 're sneering."

"Sneering? Don't be absurd, darling."

"You really weren't?"

"I really wasn't."

"And you *will* kill yourself if I die first?"

"Yes."

"On your word of honour?"

And so on to "Oh, I 'm happy now," and da capo. William got tired of this tune, but after twelve years' separation Rose's decision to divorce him awakened unexpected feelings. They stirred up his memories, and between his searches for a suitable co-respondent, his life-story is set down. *The Fall* (Methuen; 8*s.* 3*d.*) is a model of brisk, economical story-telling, one of Mr. Hugh Kingsmill's witty, cynical, acid and acute defences against the depressing facts of life.

George Blake *of the broad Scots voice and strong, determined appearance is a very successful novelist. "The Valiant Heart," Book Society Choice for January, is a best-seller all over the country, not only in Scotland, where his wife and small daughter are remaining and where both his sons are at school. George Blake is at the Ministry of Information as liaison between authors and publishers and the Powers That Be. His earlier novel, "The Shipbuilders," was also a Book Society Choice. He has a house and boat at Garelochhead; carries photographs of his native heath and of his family, seeming to think more of them than of his growing fame*

Bridget Chetwynd *(Mrs. Randolph Chetwynd) has just published her first novel, "Town Wife," which tells of hunting and hunting circles with impish, Nancy Mitfordish humour. As a chronicle of the changing social order it is something more than just another pleasant story about people. Before her marriage, which took place in 1931, when she was nineteen, she was Bridget Walsh, daughter of a West Country colonel. Her husband, who works in the Midlands, is a first cousin of Lord Chetwynd. He got a very good degree at Oxford and his tastes are literary. Their sons, Rupert and Tom, will be six and two this year*

The Hon. Theodora Benson *posed with her favourite drawing from "The New Yorker"—a framed original. Her next publication, "The Best Short Stories of Theodora Benson," is due in May. Meanwhile she is at work on a life of King Asoka, a Buddhist ruler in India in the third century B.C., which entails an enormous amount of reading and research. Although Miss Benson is something of a high-brow, with several travel books as well as light works to her credit, she enjoys low-brow entertainment on the stage and in art. She is also a regular at the National Gallery concerts. Inherits literary bent from her father, Lord Charnwood*

These Clever People . . .: 2. Snapshots of Writers

Graham Greene*, who made his name with "The Man Within" when he was very young, has got his biggest book, "The Power and the Glory," just out [reviewed on opposite page]. If it is as exciting as "Brighton Rock" and "The Confidential Agent," Graham Greene's distinguished public will not complain. The local colour for the new book is derived from "Another Mexico," his only travelogue. He lives in Georgian brick house on Clapham Common, beautifully furnished in period. His wife spends half time there, half with their children evacuated in Sussex. The Greenes belong to the Intellectual Right, as distinct from the Pink Left*

Pamela Frankau *is the younger daughter of Gilbert Frankau by his first wife, who is a Scotswoman and was Miss Drummond-Black. She sailed for New York two weeks ago to recuperate from illness and to stay with John Van Druten. It is her first visit. Her first play, the clever topical pantomime "Who's Taking Liberty?", had a number of "fans" and was compared with Rip's revues, but it only ran for two months. Now she is writing a novel about writing and putting on a play in wartime. Pamela Frankau has a deep voice, a quick wit, and a gift for making friends. She is devoted to her elder sister's three-year-old son, Timothy*

Michael Arlen *is at work on a play—his first, though "The Green Hat" was dramatised. He says that as the war goes on he becomes more and more Armenian, whatever that means. He is two-hundred-per-cent. British in his devotion to his adopted country, however much fun he makes of its ruling types. He is now here temporarily, looking for useful war work, may go to Athens or elsewhere at any moment. His good-looking wife, who was Countess Atalanta Mercati of Athens, and their daughter Venetia are spending the war with his brother and sister-in-law in Stockport, the Arlens' favourite seaside resort. Their son has just gone to preparatory school. Michael Arlen's patronymic was Dikran Kouyoumdjian. His delightful married sister, with an equally unpronounceable name, is a regular at first nights in Manchester, where the family business connection with this country began*

Gillies — Galloway

Flying-Officer John Arthur Gillies, R.A.F., elder son of Sir Harold and Lady Gillies, of 59, Frognal, N.W.3, and Eileen Galloway, daughter of George M. Galloway, of 17, Grove Park, Liverpool, and the late Mrs. Galloway, were married at Christ Church, Liverpool. His father is the famous plastic surgeon

Hambrough — Nickalls

Major B. Hambrough, Welsh Guards and A.M.P.C., and Monica Nickalls were married at Chelsea Register Office during the bridegroom's leave from France. The bride is the younger daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Nickalls, 17th Lancers, and Mrs. Nickalls

Postlethwaite — Greer

Donald Postlethwaite, son of James Tyson Postlethwaite, of Rochdale, Lancs., and the late Mrs. Postlethwaite, and Bridget Helena Greer, youngest daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Greer, of 45, Lowndes Square, S.W.1, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Thompson — Cumberlege

Captain John Cecil Barry Thompson, Sherwood Foresters, and Diana Mary Cumberlege were married at St. Mary's, Stanwell. His parents are Major and Mrs. Barry C. Thompson, of Tindall Lodge, Grantham; hers are Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Cumberlege, of Stanwell House, near Staines, Middlesex

Wilson-Young — Nast

Ian Wilson-Young, Second Secretary at the Foreign Office, son of Henry Wilson-Young, and the late Mrs. Wilson-Young, and Mrs. Charlotte Nast, daughter of Mrs. Donald Winchester Brown, of New York, and former daughter-in-law of publisher Condé Nast, were married at Caxton Hall Register Office

Hunt — Stopford

Captain Peter Mervyn Hunt, Q.O. Cameron Highlanders, eldest son of H. Vaughan Hunt, of 1, Ascot Avenue, W., and the late Mrs. Hunt, and Anne Frances Joan Stopford, daughter of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Arthur Stopford, and Mrs. Charles Craig, of Hazel Hill, Bracknell, Bucks., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Douglas — Orr

Patrick Sholto Douglas, Black Watch, son of the Hon. Roderick and Mrs. Douglas, of New Dalmahoy, Kirknewton, Midlothian, and cousin of the Earl of Morton, and Maude Carol Hermione Orr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Orr, of Kilduff House, Drem, East Lothian, were married at St. Mary's, Dalmahoy. Rosemary Douglas, Monica East, Audrey Macmillan and Prudence Haggie were bridesmaids; Capt. Remington-Hobbs was best man

Ritchie — Gordon

Second-Lieut. Richard J. Ritchie, the Wimbledon lawn tennis player, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. G. Ritchie, of Riverholme, Laleham-on-Thames, Middlesex, and Elizabeth Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Gordon, of Bordersmead, Loughton, Essex, were married at the Savoy Chapel

Robinson — Portlock

Major Johnston Robinson, R.A.M.C., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson, of Elsinore, Jordanstown, Co. Antrim, and Patricia Portlock, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Portlock, of Sao Paulo, Brazil, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Ford — Paul

James Richard St. Clair Ford, Royal Welch Fusiliers, only son of Major J. T. Ford, of Shanghai, and the late Mrs. Ford, and Molly Paul, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Paul, of Hoole House, Chester, were married at Christ Church, Westminster

Clifford — Cashmore

Lieut. Michael Clifford, R.N., and Margaret Cashmore, daughter of Sq.-Leader and Mrs. F. H. Cashmore, of 47, St. Mary's Avenue, Northwood, Middlesex, were married at Emmanuel Church, Northwood. He is the son of Capt. Leslie Clifford, of Fairmead Rise, King's Norton, Birmingham

Carey — Turner Latham

Capt. Dennis de M. Carey, R.A., son of the late Lieut.-Col. W. de M. Carey, and Mrs. Carey, of 5, Aberdeen Terrace, Blackheath, and Edwina Rosemary Turner Latham, only child of the late Lt. E. S. Turner, R.N.V.R., and Mrs. Latham, and adopted daughter of Lt.-Col. Latham, of Robin Post, Hailsham, Sussex, were married at St. Mary's, Blackheath

Price — Ward Hunt

Lieut. M. Pritchard Price, R.N., and Barbara Ward Hunt, second daughter of Captain Ward Hunt, R.N., and Mrs. Ward Hunt, of Old Suston, Mordiford, Hereford, were married at St. Mary's, Bolton Gardens. He is the second son of the Rev. and Mrs. P. P. Price, of Llangrilkyd Rectory, Cowbridge, Glam.

Gerrard — Shaw

Captain R. G. H. Gerrard, younger son of the late Major-Gen. J. J. Gerrard, and Mrs. Gerrard, of Oatlands, Woking, Surrey, and Muriel Barnsley Shaw, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Barnsley Shaw, of St. James, Woking, were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street

Matheson — Lee

Alan James Matheson, second son of James F. Matheson, of the Priory, Elstree, Herts., and Susan Mary Lee, adopted daughter of Captain and Mrs. Jefferson Wakley, of Molewood House, Hertford, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Micklethwait — White

Eric Micklethwait, third son of St. John Micklethwait, K.C., Recorder of Reading, and Mrs. Micklethwait, of Maesygwenith, Chepstow, Mon., and 33, Lancaster Road, Wimbledon, and Margaret White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. White, of Ecuador, South America, were married at St. Clement Danes, Strand

Sanity Fare

By Douglas Reed

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

The First Sea Lord Inspects Minesweepers

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, First Sea Lord, paid a visit to the men and vessels that do much in keeping the sea free for his warships — the minesweepers of a north-eastern naval station. These ex-trawlermen's service was described in Parliament last week by Pound's chief as "not only dangerous but arduous. However, our volunteers seem to have taken a liking to it"

Greek Tragedy

IN the midst of the war-to-end-aggression, aggression blithely continues; after those locust-eaten years it is very difficult to arrest, and the maddening thing about it is the dreary inevitability with which the tragedy repeats itself. In the case of Finland, we are now again at the point we reached in the cases of Abyssinia, Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland: we hope and hope for a miracle, for David to prevail over Goliath, so that we may be spared the penalty of our own ostrichism, and in our hearts we know that Goliath will prevail.

After all those horrid examples, I am amazed when others, even unto Mr. Churchill, express amazement at the attitude of the neutrals. What else could we expect?

Scandinavian Cockpit?

IT seems beyond hope that the Finns can resist much longer; the odds are too crushing. If they fall, what then?

We know now that Sweden was threatened with a German invasion from the south if she went to Finland's help or gave others right-of-way to that end. If Finland falls she will none the less be attacked—by Russia certainly, possibly by Germany and Russia jointly.

At last we shall know the answer to the vital question that I have often put since these articles began—whether the German-Bolshevist partnership is designed, at a given moment, to merge into a full, two-arms-that-strike-as-one military alliance. Once in Sweden, the Bolshevists will be getting near to us.

The Fateful Days

IF only the Finns *could* hold out, ah! then it would be grand, but unfortunately this is a Greek tragedy, and as soon as the Bolshevists get to Sweden we are faced with a major decision—whether we shall send armies to Scandinavia, to check them, or whether we shall continue to wait on the defensive, in this country and in France. If we send troops to Scandinavia we must despoil either our forces in France or those in this country. But the strength of the defensive armies, in this country and in the

(*Concluded on page 310*)

The Admiral Graf Spee's Victors: Captains

This picture was taken at Waterloo when Captain F. S. Bell, of the Exeter, and Captain C. H. L. Woodhouse, of the Ajax, arrived to take part in the triumph march to the Guildhall which gave London its chance to cheer two of the victors of the Graf Spee. On the same day on the other side of the earth, New Zealand was fêting the third cruiser, Achilles, and telegrams were exchanged. For their part in the action these two commanders get the D.S.O. and C.B.

The Graf Spee's Victors: Midshipmen

Midshipman Archibald Cameron and Midshipman Robert Don, both of H.M.S. Exeter, won Distinguished Service Crosses for their part in the River Plate battle, were also photographed at Waterloo. Cameron threw shells overboard from a burning ammunition locker, Don fought a fire over the tower steering position

They also serve . . .

Let us now revise a famous line: "They also serve who only smile and wait." For a ready smile in a difficult hour is like a glowing hearth upon a bitter day — it warms all who come within its radiance. But for all of us there come moments when the fire of courage burns low, the smile is difficult to raise. Then should you reflect that this island race (so often in dire trouble), long ago devised for its comfort and sustenance . . . good beer. And of good beer, that traditional brew which we call Worthington, comes closest to our hearts. Say, then, "two Worthingtons", and you will set two smiles aspreading once again . . . to warm yourselves and others on your road.

Sanity Fare

(Continued from page 308)

Maginot Line, is the reason that Hitler has not attacked. If we weaken these defences, presumably he will.

In any case, hardly a hope now remains that we can avoid embroilment with the Bolshevists too, and that will leave us with a full Nazi-Bolshevist alliance to overcome. I cannot, at short notice, think of a more unpleasant prospect.

The Next War

HOWEVER, assume for a moment that the Greek tragedy should take an unexpected turn, that the tardy miracle should come to our aid, that in the course of a long time, by some means not clear to me, we not only checkmate, but even overcome, Germany. In that happy event, I already see the villain of the peace, the international fraud and impostor called Appeasement, prowling about. If the kind of peace were made—in the aforesaid happy but as yet far-distant event—which some people are thinking about, we should be headed straight for the next war. For my part, I am pinning my hopes on the French to save us from this horror.

The peace I mean is one which would leave Germany greater than she was in 1914. If we have that kind of peace in view, the battle of Montevideo was wasted time and we might as well stop fighting now, for after that nothing could ever again convince the German mind that aggression is bad policy and that Germany's destiny is not to conquer the world by force—and the German mind would be right.

Our beloved Prime Minister—not my phrase, but so beautiful that I borrow it—has now made three major statements about war aims which contain this awful menace.

Hero and Wife. *When the King visited the R.A.F. in Scotland he decorated Squadron-Leader A. D. Farquhar with the D.F.C. for leadership and for shooting down three enemy bombers. Farquhar, an ex-stockbroker, married last November Miss B. Bisset*

He said, first, that we did not want a "vindictive" peace; second, that we did not want "to pull up the old frontier posts" (which are the "old" ones?); and third, that "Polish and Czechoslovak independence must be restored."

"Polish and Czechoslovak independence" may mean much less than "Poland and Czechoslovakia," and of Austria no word was said. Our good Lord Lloyd, similarly, has in expounding "the British case" said that "we are not fighting for the Versailles frontiers."

Anyway, take it from me, if anybody is thinking of a peace that would leave Germany bigger than she was in 1914, the next war is already certain, save for the date.

But we have to win this one first, in any case.

Two to Make Appeasement

THE sinister and dangerous thing is that, according to all my news from Germany, important people there are hot on the same scent. Roughly, the idea is to shelve Hitler on some local Elba, whence he might later be brought back if tactics demanded, and to put up another man—Göring (whose apologists in this country have been busy), if the world will have him, failing him, another The old war-making forces would remain in power, would temporarily put on their Appeasement suits, and later would begin telling the Germans that they had never been defeated in the field for, after all, Germany was still much bigger than in 1914, and what about a spot of colonies, and Germany's patience had its limits, and so on and so on . . .

Thus the two chief prospects at the moment are grim: they are a mortal struggle with the combined forces of Nazidom and Bolshevy, or of another nightmarish armed truce leading to another war. I hope we may find the narrow channel between these dangers.

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WHY WAR? By CHARLES SPENCELAYH

WHY WAR?

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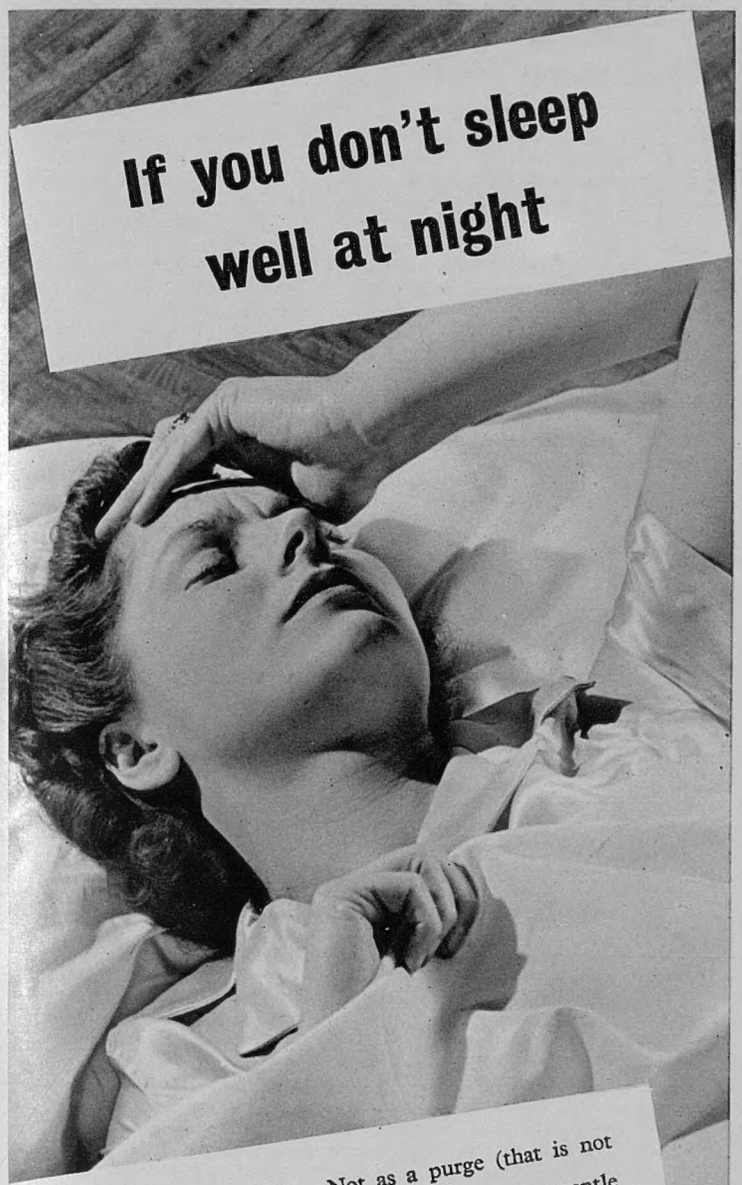

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Women's Golf:

Contacts : By Eleanor E. Helme

CONTACT with friends in wartime seems to me just about as satisfying as those fleeting glimpses one gets of passengers on the other side of a moving staircase. Before you realise the coming encounter, the person with whom even a few minutes' talk would be so refreshing has gone by ; it would be useless to turn round in pursuit of them, for they will be gone before you can get there. As if it were not bad enough to be suddenly cut off from half your world, that small portion which you might see seems to be for ever eluding you just round the corner.

So it was the other day. A friend had run across Mrs. Golden, otherwise Mary Beard, skating in Hampshire. They stood and gossiped—so friend said—until both were chilled. I had just learnt that Mrs. Golden had given up the flying with which she began the war, to help her sister Kitty—Mrs. Alan Hickman—run a concert-party for the Guards, when something the equivalent of the moving staircase intervened, talk switched, and I only realised too late that I hadn't really heard anything about that concert-party, where it operated, who the rest of the cast might be, and a dozen other details that would have made such pleasant hearing.

Patty Berg

Has now returned to first-class American golf after her appendicitis operation last summer, won the Miami-Biltmore Cup for the fifth consecutive year, beating U.S. Champion Betty Jameson, Texas, in the final. She won the U.S. Championship in 1938

But can't one imagine it ? Even in their Girls' Championship days, " Pinkie " and " Bluey " were reputed to make those stylish skirts, those immaculately cut shirts with the big stripes, from which the nicknames arose : the concert-party's get-up will undoubtedly have a delightful dash about it. And as for the music, one goes back again to Stoke Court days. Before breakfast even, sweet sounds would be coming from the drawing-room, and if you opened the door, there would be Kitty, conjuring lovely melodies out of the piano, either with or without a group of admiring fellow competitors full of requests. Diana Fishwick would be amongst them, and of an evening, when a more formal band functioned, there would be moments when Mr. Beard, with an air of aloof solemnity, would take his turn at the drum, relinquishing it now and again to some enthusiastic youngster. Jessie Baxter is the next Girls' pianist who comes to mind ; there may have been others, if I could only turn up the pages of those treasured books wherein the Girls' doings are recorded in photographs and cuttings. But—curse Hitler !—things in wartime, under exigencies of possible billetees, have to find fresh resting-places, and the books have sought safety in the recesses of a remote cupboard, and there I cannot seek them to-day, being tied by the heels with 'flu.

IT seems to me rather good in these days, when we try to find differences and distinctions between that madman and the people he misrules, to recall how extremely popular was the first girl from Germany who competed at Stoke Poges. That was Alice Weyhausen, a sweet-faced, soft-voiced girl, who charmed everyone and made endless friends. She was a good golfer, with a fine swing ; if she had not come over tired out by examinations, and been overcome by the heat of a sweltering September, she might have gone far.

As it was, she went instead to bed, with a raging temperature. Her father eventually arrived, an officer who had fought against us in 1914-18, but was assimilated somehow into the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Stoke Court and its temporary inhabitants. These have always had little regard for international boundaries. Simone de la Chaume and Lally Vagliano are names that we are proud to see on the Girls' Championship Cup ; and I am prouder still now to think of words Mme. Vagliano wrote after one of the Championships. I must quote from memory—again, curse Hitler !—but the sense was : " I always feel that this week at Stoke means more than one can possibly say for the friendship of our two nations, and that on that friendship depends the peace of the world. If only every nation could meet each other in the spirit the girls do, we should have no need to prepare for war."

Now, when the friendship of France and Great Britain grows closer every day, I so often recall that wise letter.

Motoring Commentary

By " Spare Wheel "

ALTHOUGH we shall not see any new American cars in this country until the end of the war, it is worth while keeping an eye on American developments and tendencies, for with no other preoccupations, their manufacturers will be enjoying an opportunity to continue the evolutionary process that in this country has come to a standstill. When the last war ended there was no car-making in England, and the change-over from munitions was so long and costly a process that the Americans all but swamped us in the home market as well as capturing all those overseas. It will not be as bad this time. The great factories of Coventry, Oxford, and Birmingham are running at barely a quarter of their capacity, but it will be comparatively easy to speed up output when the good time comes and cars are wanted again, 30,000 a month. All the same, in design and experiment we shall be marking time.

The war started just in time to stop the shipments of 1940 American models destined for our show at Earls Court. But the catalogues came, and we know what they are enjoying in the States. There is nothing startling but plenty of interest—new head-lamps, gear-lever on steering-column, and so forth.

The first thing I noted is that, with the exception of one or two old favourites, particularly the Packard, every make celebrates the new year with a new front-end shape. The curved-beak or prow effect is more pronounced than ever, with the radiator generally reduced to a pair of nostrils. Wings are bulbous, swollen, ponderous-looking affairs, with less relation than ever to the wheels they are supposed to cover. To my mind the profile effect is hideous in the extreme, but I admit I have never admired the American style, even when less pronounced than it is now.

INSIDE the car, undoubtedly the feature of the year is the universal adoption of the gear-lever on the steering-column. Even the Fords, Lincolns and Mercurys have it. Chrysler couple it with the Daimler fluid-flywheel. One of the General Motors brands goes a stage further. It has a close cousin of the Leyland torque converter, the gears automatically changing themselves to suit the load. This is obviously a try-out by General Motors to see if the public takes to the automatic gear-box. Mostly they are content with vacuum-assisted gear-changing coupled with the lever on the steering-column ; without assistance the change was rather inclined to suffer from technical hitches.

Last year I had a week's driving of an American with the gear-change on the steering-column. It was arranged like a gate turned on its side. Pushed down and forward, the lever connected first speed ; down and back gave reverse. Half-way was neutral, and to get second you lifted the lever when in neutral and then pushed forward, and lift and pull back gave top. Provided the engine was running, the changes worked fairly easily and fairly smoothly, but if you were clumsy and stalled the engine in gear you could not get into neutral until you had started the engine again, which, with the starter button on the floor, meant holding the clutch out with the right foot and pressing the switch with the left. Not so hot.

I disliked that gear-change just as much at the end of the week as the first morning out with it. Probably they have got it working better now—in fact, they must have or the whole of America wouldn't have fallen for it. The advantages claimed for it are ease of manipulation and the clear floor that allows three abreast in front in something more nearly like comfort. A minor improvement I like is the simplification of the steering-wheel, which is generally now content with two spokes.

The new " sealed-beam " head-lamps are a real advance. These are the result of co-operative planning between the rival firms. Head-lamps are now a separate entity. The car-maker can mount them as he likes, but every car has the same pattern lamps, and it is a much-improved pattern giving more driving light and a better anti-dazzle light on the dual filament principle. Up to the war head-lamps were more or less standard with us too, but the pattern was bad and the anti-dazzle device extremely unsatisfactory. We shall want some more co-operative planning when the war ends.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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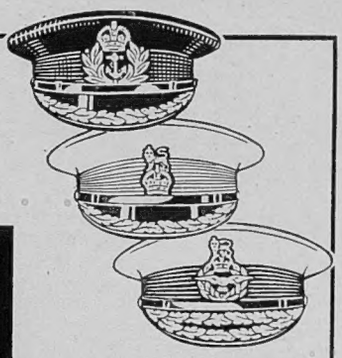

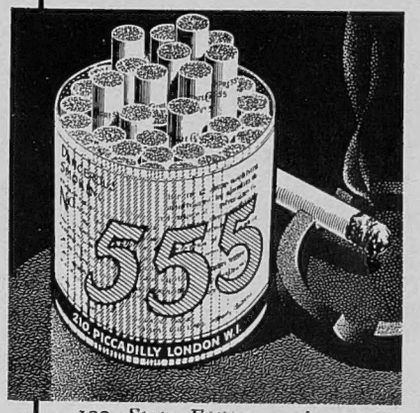

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V193

Hohenzollern Resurrection?

They lost their throne in the last war. At the end of this one, will they regain it?

by C. Patrick Thompson

"THE Hohenzollerns are dead—long live the Hohenzollerns. Look! The next King of Prussia."

It was the girl who had drawn my eye—a tanned, slim girl with a dancer's walk, blonded hair, and a gay eye. At my companion's remark I withdrew my glance and looked for a thin figure with pouched blue eyes in a parrot face under a thick thatch of pale swept-back hair: the familiar face of the ex-Kaiser's eldest son.

"No, there, with the girl."

Then I looked back and saw that the girl's escort was a tall young man with full soft lips, rounded chin, the blue Guelphic eye set in a wide socket, smooth hair parted low at the side and brushed back. Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, eldest son of the ex-Crown Prince of Germany.

"And the next Queen of Prussia?" I suggested, watching with interest their progress under a *maître's* guidance to a corner table across the dance floor of the Casanova. My companion laughed. "Who, then?" He shrugged. "Nobody I know. A girl of the theatre, I expect. He is young, you know."

A fat, green bottle of champagne was screwed into the ice in front of them. The waiter scooped caviare out of a full can. They rose and took the floor. He danced with a smooth ease. No one in the crowd paid any attention to them.

"The Hohenzollerns' best bet," said my friend, watching them thoughtfully. A Ruhr industrialist's son, detached from politics, he voiced a view which one often heard in Germany in those 1932-1933 days, when the monarchy topic was always cropping up.

A little later, Germans did not talk any more in public places about the Hohenzollerns' best bet, or about the Hohenzollerns at all. Nor did the Hohenzollerns themselves discuss their political chances. It was too dangerous.

In June, 1934, on mere suspicion of being involved with General von Schleicher in a plot involving a monarchical restoration, Franz von Papen was held by the *Schupo* under house arrest, and came close to sharing the fate of his adjutants, and General von Schleicher, all assassinated by Goering's *Feldpolizei*. Even "Auwi," Prince August Wilhelm, the Kaiser's fourth son, a Nazi of old-standing (the only Hohenzollern to wear the Nazi brown shirt), a Reichstag deputy, and a S.A. brigade leader, was pulled out of his Potsdam villa, and narrowly escaped joining the rows of suspect S.A. leaders who were being shot down in batches against the wall of the Lichtenfeld S.S. barracks by execution squads of the black-uniformed regime guards.

Auwi satisfied Goering that he had no part in the Roehm-Schleicher conspiracy. "Take Auwi away," said Goering at last. "He's too stupid to have had anything to do with these things."

Pictures of five, seven, nine years ago! Events move fast under the Nazi dynamism, and once again the Hohenzollerns are in the picture. They lost their throne at the end of the last war. At the end of this one, will they regain it?

At first glance the very idea has a dream-like quality. But it is being discussed in chancelleries, in royalist circles in many countries, in the entourages of the ex-kings and ex-ruling princes, among revolutionaries both Right and Left, in Foreign Offices and embassies, in the cafés and back-street hotels where secret service agents rendezvous. The topic revolves, of course, around the question: *after Hitler, what, and whom?*

A tentative answer to that question has already been provided in a report discussed in the French and neutral Press.

. . . you will want to read the whole of this fine article . . . which will help you to answer the question all Europe is asking, if Hitler resigns, who will succeed him?

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